

*Honori Sacellum.*

A  
Funeral POEM,  
TO THE  
MEMORY  
OF THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
THOMAS  
EARL OF  
COVENTRY.

-----*Tantene animis cœlestibus iræ.*

By *E. Settle.*

*London,* Printed for the Author, 1712.





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## A Funeral Poem, &c.

**N**ear that proud *Dome* where *Mars* his worn-out Race  
From *War's* rough Steel their aged Limbs uncase :  
Where Souls all warm in chilling Veins still glow,  
True *Ætna*-like the *Fire* beneath the *Snow* ;  
The Rural *CHELSEA*, with this Royal *Pile*  
It's new fair Inmate, joyns in one gay Smile :  
Whilst both in the same *Watry Mirrour* look,  
Pluming their Towry Pride in *THAMES's* Silver Brook.  
Young *COVENTRY* here, in his tend'rest Charms,  
Fill'd an Embracing *MOTHER's* Guardian Arms.  
Her Only and her All how did She Prize ;  
Pride of her Heart, and Blessing of her Eyes ;  
A Blessing, that almost from *Death* cou'd save,  
Retrieve the very Rapines of the *Grave* :  
A Blessing, which her *Bridal Joys* reviv'd,  
Whilst in this *Pledge* of *LOVE* ev'n her dead *LORD* still liv'd.

Well might a *MOTHER's* Joys be rapt so high  
From the Fair Growth of such a *NURSERY* ;



A Temper so serene, so sweet an Air :  
Sure all that Humane Eyes cou'd charm smil'd there.  
So bright a SOUL did that Rich Breast inspire ;  
*Prometheus* never stole such *Heav'nly Fire*,  
Nor only NATURE's generous Bounty heap'd  
His radiant Mass: Ev'n his Young Years outleap'd,  
At *WINDSOR*'s neighb'ring *Dome*, from *LEARNING*'s Fount,  
'Twas here we saw his touring *Genius* mount.  
This Pretious Life, that profuse Treasure, Heav'n  
Sure to Mankind had only lent, not given.  
T' an undeserving World the Loan too Great,  
Cou'd trust no more ; and so call'd in the Debt.  
For, Oh, th' IMMORTALS to assert their Claim  
To that *Lov'd HEAD*, lo, a wing'd Mandate came,  
A posting Summons from th' Eternal Throne,  
Our World t' impoverish, and enrich their Own.

And here, my *Muse*, if with a trembling Awe  
Thy bold approaching Knee so near may draw,  
To dare survey a PARENT's mourning Cell ;  
Oh let thy duteous broken Numbers tell,  
When Fate does for such *setting GLORY* call,  
What pious Dew from her sad Eyes must fall.

Yes,



Yes, what's the vast *Maternal Fount* of Tears,  
To see her Care of Eleven Smiling Years,  
His Infant Dawn deckt with each shining Ray  
The borrow'd Beams from her *Despotick Sway*;  
From her strict *VIRTUES* School, his Beauteous MIND  
Rich with those Rudiments, so all Refin'd:  
To see this lovely *Garden's* rooted Bow'rs,  
It's *Eden* Sweets all her own Planted Flow'rs,  
Torn up by a Tempestuous Winter Blast,  
All in one desolated Heap laid Waste;  
What must She feel from such a stagg'ring Blow?  
But hold, ----- 'Tis all unutterable Woe.  
Where that dark Veil of *Night* shuts out the Day,  
In Rev'rence turn, oh turn thy Eyes away.

But whither canst thou turn? Grief hems thee round.  
All Hearts too nearly toucht bleed at this Wound.  
See first in thy own Sphere th' Harmonious *Nine*,  
Now all untun'd, in this Day's Sorrows joyn.  
Yes the *Fair Sisters* mix one common Tear  
In his sad Choir, all duteous Tribute here.  
A genuine Fount does their wet Eyes supply.  
The *MUSES* mourn to see the *GRACES* Dye.



Turn next, and lo, where the wing'd GODDESS came  
 With all th' officious Herauldry of FAME :  
 All melting she assum'd her Sacred Trust,  
 T' enbalm his *Memory* beyond his Dust ;  
 Waiting to catch his last Expiring Breath,  
 And bear his Living NAME beyond the Verge of Death.

All found a Tongue to chant this DARLING Dead.  
 Ev'n the old Father *THAMES*, his reverend Head,  
 Alarm'd, upraising from his Oozy Bed ;  
 And rowling down from *WINDSOR*'s narrow'r Shore  
 On all the Streams his own Great Urne cou'd pour,  
 T' *AUGUSTA*'s wider Strand the mournful Tale he bore.  
 Oh fair *AUGUSTA*, thro' thy Tow'ry Round,  
 How did thy Noblest Roofs their Plaints resound,  
 At the Reception these sad Accents found !  
 Lo, ev'n thy own *WHITE HALL*, once Pow'rs bright Throne,  
 Now a dark Pile of rueful Dust alone,  
 With hideous Desolation over-grown :  
 The very *Genius* of those hallow'd Walls,  
 When such lamented short liv'd Honour calls,  
 Shrinking yet low'r in his long dusty Bed,  
 Ev'n with new Ashes strew'd his ruinous Head.



Nay proud St. *JAMES*, that select Orb of *POW'R*,  
Commanding *ANNA*'s fav'rite *Sovereign Bow'r*,  
At such a Shock how cou'd he less then wear  
A cloudy Brow, tho' *MAJESTY* shin'd there?  
A *Kingdoms* Loss what less then *Courts* should mourn?  
Nay this *Lo'd* *HEAD* from his *BRITANNIA* torn,  
Ev'n from her melting Eyes some Tears were due.  
For, oh, what *Plans* of *GLORY*, what fair View  
Of promise *Joys* from such *Young HOPES* she drew.  
What might she not have hop'd, all seal'd her own,  
From such bright *WORTH* to it's full Luster blown,  
Pride of a *COURT*, and Champion of a *THRONE*;  
At *WIT* and *HONOUR*'s equal Fountain fed,  
And ripen'd t' an *Apollinary Head*:  
When, at her Highest Council Helm, she calls  
The *Delphick WORTHIES* t' her *Orac'lous Walls*!  
What has not here the robd *BRITANNIA* lost?  
*Court-Pilots*, and *State-Patriots*, their high Post  
Of *HONOUR* even his *Birthrights* Claim, no more  
Then where his *ANCESTORS* long shin'd before.

Yes, from a *COVENTRY*, his Inborn Veins,  
Where that fair *LOYALTY* *Ascendant* reigns,

What



What is't she might not promise! well she knew  
What Native VIRTUES from that RACE he drew.  
When turning ev'n an Eye of Sorrow back  
To her own long past Storms, and hideous Wrack,  
The once dread Scenes on her own barb'rous Stage;  
In all th' High Heads that joyn'd th' infernal Rage,  
The Crimes and Chaos of that monstrous Age;  
When black Rebellion's too unnat'ral Wars  
Like the old Dragons Tail swept down the STARS;  
Well she remembers, all serenely Bright  
Her COVENTREYS kept their unshaded LIGHT.  
None more abhorr'd that deathless Brand of Shame  
That stigmatyz'd the very British Name;  
When the great MARTYR his doom'd Head laid down:  
And Heav'n, for Reasons to it self best known,  
Suffer'd the Blow; the Axe unstopt, look'd on.  
When that Dark Day it's horrid Face displaid,  
Darker then ev'n the old Egyptian Shade,  
Who's then her COVENTREYS more acheing Sight  
At that curst Stroke, in their most dire Affright,  
Beheld their Native BRITAINS setting Light!

Who



Who with more bleeding Hearts joyn'd in the Groans  
Of Weeping LOYALTY, and shaking THRONES?  
Nor wast enough with ALBION to Condole.  
No, the Destroying Fiend her wrathful Bowl  
To all the Destin'd Heads of HONOUR brought,  
To taste some Dreggs of CHARLES's bitter Draught;  
Rebellion's cruel Mercy had decreed,  
Where, from her sharper Fangs of Murder freed,  
The Loyal Veins she spar'd, the Loyal Glebe shou'd bleed.  
Thus on the COVENTRIES she pour'd her Gall  
In Sequestrations, Plunders, Rapines, All.  
'Twas thus wild Anarchy all raging found  
On this side the doom'd COVENTRIES to wound.  
Such was the Wrack their Suffering VIRTUES bore:  
So barbarously her Harpy Talons tore.

But, oh, to see, all mov'd by Wheels Divine  
That blest that bloodless Revolution shine,  
The late too dismal sanguine Banners furl'd,  
And down t' her native Hell Rebellion hurl'd,  
When CHARLES white Flag hung out to calm the World,  
In ALBION's Universal Jubilee  
Who's Joys more loud or lower bending Knee!



To see their dear ADOR'D (oh the blest Charms!)  
In his fair *Penitent*, his kind *BRITANNIA's* Arms.  
For yet more circulating VIRTUES still  
Their Rich *Hereditary* VEINS to fill,  
To a yet higher Orb, my *Muse*, take Wing:  
With their ALLEGIANCE their RELIGION sing.  
*Religion* and *Allegiance* born to shine  
Twin Sisters, both sprung from one Source divine;  
Only each Knee a different Throne attends;  
That t' *Heav'n*, and this to *Heaven's Vicegerent* bends.  
The COVENTRIES their Eyes to the bright Beams  
Not only round the *ALBION* DIADEMS,  
No less uplift t' her *AARON's* sparkling Gems;  
*ALBION* where TRUTH's Establish't Temple shines,  
Not stain'd with spurious Rites; no Idol Shrines,  
*Rome's* pageant Piety: Nor her bent Knees  
Stoop'd t' a *Geneva's* fordid Sacrifice,  
Their *ALBION* joyn'd; the same *Devotion* vow'd:  
Whether t' her ALTARS or her THRONE they bow'd,  
In either Sphere untaught to range or rove,  
No fickle Change cou'd their Foundation move.

*Their*



Their Temple Finnacle disdain'd to bear  
A waving Fane to turn with Wind and Air:  
No ; like their *ALBION PAUL*'s proud *Dome*, behold  
Their Pile of Faith bore His fixt *Cross of Gold*.

From these *Original VEINS* and *VIRTUES* too,  
To the fair Life a *Copy* drawn so true,  
Ev'n in his *Infant Miniature* ; to mourn  
This Beauteous Piece now all eras'd, oh turn  
My duteous *Muse*, and wait Him to his Urn.  
Here t' his Enshalment on his Throne of Clay,  
The last just Debt that Morning *LOVE* cou'd pay,  
T' his Ancestors long Cell his *RELIQUES* to convey ;  
At such Young Dust's too mourn'd Reception there  
Ev'n his *Paternal Marble* dropt a Tear.

But hold, my *Muse*, whilst we uplift our Eyes  
To the sad Pomp of his Great *Obsequies* ;  
Around the Herse of a laid *HEAD* so Young  
To see his *HONOUR*'s native *Trophies* hung,  
Methinks our mournful Speculations turn  
To an ill suited *Blazon* at his Urne.  
When o'er this *COVENTRY*'s too hasty Grave  
The *Herauld Troop* their trailing *Streamers* wave,



In their Display of his Armorial Field,  
Shrow'd, shrow'd the *Orient Crescents* on his Shield ;  
No more their *Argent Beames* of Glory boast,  
In an *Eternal Wane* now all for ever lost.  
Nor let the cheerful *Bird* that wakes the Morn  
The *Chanticleer* that does his *Crest* adorn,  
Perch on his Funeral Plumes : Ah no, let *Night's*  
More rueful Brood attend his Dying Rites.  
Some footy *Raven* with her hanging Wing :  
Her croaking Voice best tun'd his *Dirge* to sing.  
Nay in yet deeper Blacks our Griefs array'd,  
Wrap ev'n his *Ermine* all in *sable Shade*.

Oh *Death*, thou too dread *Tyrant* to the Young,  
Round thy Dark Walls those barbrous Trophies hung !  
When t' *Elder Heads* the Stroke of Fate is given,  
The hoary Brows call'd t' a long-waiting Heav'n ;  
Here but half wet the Eyes of Sorrow turn  
T' attend those sleeping Ashes to their Urn.  
But on fair *YOUTH* (ah too relentless *Doom* !)  
In *Lifes* gay Spring, and *Nature's* tend'rest Bloom,  
And all the Hopes of an expecting World,  
When the *Destroyers* cruel Bolt is hurld,

What



What deeper Streams our melting Grief must pour,  
When such clos'd Eyes must see the Sun no more;  
Seal'd up in the dark Grave's too sable Night,  
Never to open but t' immortal LIGHT.

When such fair WORTH presented to our View,  
So early from our well pleas'd Eyes withdrew,  
It's Circle finish'd ev'n so long e'er Noon:  
Alas, the Sands of Gold all dash'd so soon,  
Here the fair Glass of Life is Broke not Run.

So have I seen the *Morning Star* appear,  
It's beauteous Head uprais'd above our Sphere,  
So short a Stage in yon bright Circle driv'n,  
Set, e'er 't has reach'd it's half way Tour of Heav'n:  
It's shortliv'd Luster so serenely bright  
All lost and swallow'd in Immenser LIGHT.

When from our Arms the ghastly Tyrant tore  
This Darling of our Eyes now seen no more,  
Those visionary Forms of past Delight  
Such radiant Sweetness glares before our Sight,  
As strikes a Wound thro' every tend'rest Vein.  
Remember'd Joys make the deep Sense of Pain.

So



So when some dreadful *Conflagration* pours  
 It's flaming Torrent o'er the Princely Tow'rs  
 Of some Tall Dome, wrapt in one Funeral Blaze,  
 With helpless Hands and trickling Eyes we gaze.  
 But, oh, not half the Tears and Sighs we call  
 Only to see the tumbling Fabrick fall.  
 No, when our Eyes to th' Inmost Treasure turn,  
 And see the *Raphael* and the *Titian* burn,  
 The Riches of the *Pencil* and the *Loom*,  
 The Orient Sparkle, and the Tyrian Bloom,  
 All in one swallowing Ruin: To behold  
 The cracking *Porphyry*, and melting *Gold*.  
 Then the drown'd Eyes we to this Object turn.  
 'Tis thus the dying *COVENTRY* we mourn.  
 Such was the Conflagration at his Urn.

But stay, is all our mournful Loss summ'd here!

Ah no, here's still new Subject for a Tear.  
 From *HONOUR's* numerous Veins some *WORTHY* lost  
 That Shock perhaps less acheing Hearts may cost.  
 From a whole *Constellation* one fal'n *STAR*  
 Our melting Eyes with easier Pains may bear.

But



But from a Sphere of *Ibin-set* LIGHTS to sweep  
 Such shining GLORY down, that Blow strikes deep.  
 Yes, thou Young COVENTRY, to what short Round  
 Do we behold thy bright Succession bound!  
 The now Great COVENTRY's too narrow Veins  
 One only single *Beauteous* STEM sustains.  
 That only BRANCH ----- But hold ---- what tho' no more  
 Then that fair STEM; is this blest PARENT poor?  
 What tho' his Veins whole Wealth's summ'd up alone  
 In those fair Eyes: Bid Him look up t' a THRONE.  
 See the *Fair* SEXE's Glory, ANNE's wide Field  
 Of Trophies, ANNE the Pride of Britain, Shield  
 Of Europe, Darling of both Worlds ---- Yes see  
 The Wonders of a FEMALE REGENCY.

BEAUTY and GLORY thus divinely joyn'd,  
 If such rich Laurels deck the *Beauteous-Kind*,  
 Why not Great COVENTRY's bright Prospect led  
 From this fair Pledge of his blest Genial Bed,  
 To All a SIRE's whole promist Joys can build?  
 To her fair Mind each early GRACE instill'd,  
 Worthy the lovely *Angel Mould* they fill'd.

Yes,



Yes, what shall he not raise from this dear Plant.  
His **VIRTUES** no Succeeding Heir can want:  
But his bright **HONOURS** --- Oh, stop there --- Behold  
Whatever *Jewels* grace their *Hoop of Gold*;  
Such th' adorn'd Royal Brows: Oh th' envied Gems  
That deck the Sovereign Pride of **DIADEMS!**  
The **CORONET** alone must poorly draw  
A Gallick Chain, tyed t' a hard *Salick Law*.  
Too hard indeed; **NOBILITY** alone  
The nearest Emanation from a Throne,  
**POWER's** most sublime Creation, rais'd so high  
As ev'n to reign the Mate of **SOVERAIGNTY**.  
Hard fate, the Jewels of a **CROWN** so bright,  
And yet her own that poor precarious Light!  
Too unkind **ALBION**, with so rich a Ray  
To deck thy *Honourable Brows* so gay,  
And yet confin'd to such a curtail'd Sway!  
The **FAIR** alone shut out! no *Female Heir*!  
Oh **HONOUR**, sure thine's a Barbarian Sphere,  
When th' Eyes that light the World must not shine there.

F I N I S.

